So Pretty In Your Pleasure

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So Pretty In Your Pleasure

by chaoswashere_X

Summary

Hannibal is embarrassed by his morning wood, but Will wants nothing more than to put it in his mouth :)

Kinktober Day 9: Deepthroating + Praise Kink

Notes

Honest to god, the only reason this is post-season 3 is so that I can spread my fav headcanon of Hannibal needing a cane after the fall to get around <3

Will had never had a boyfriend before Hannibal.

He didn't even confirm that he liked men for certain until he started sleeping with him. Until he started teaching him how to please a male lover.

Will had never thrown himself off a cliff before Hannibal.

Will had never had a husband before Hannibal.

Will had never hid from the FBI before Hannibal.

But here they are, injured, married, and hiding from the fucking FB fucking I.

It's been about three years since Will had thrown them off of that cliff, and about a year and a half since they got married.

Will recovered marvelously from his injuries, with the help of his Doctor boyfriend. But the doctor himself hadn't been so lucky.

Hannibal is unable to walk without a cane. It makes him feel vulnerable, exposed. Like he's showing his underbelly to a hungry beast.

But the only one seeing his underbelly is Will (and sometimes Chiyoh, when she comes to visit the house).

And Will is more than thrilled to be able to see Hannibal in such a vulnerable state.

It's likely that Hannibal's injuries will make a full recovery within the next two years, but for now, Will enjoys watching him stumble around with his expensive cane.

He enjoys waking up in his arms every morning, and going to bed in them every night. He really enjoys being with Hannibal.

But there's some aspects to Hannibal that he likes less, like the side of him that hates to admit that he's human, and has human issues.

The last time Hannibal got morning wood, he had locked Will in the bedroom while he made breakfast, giving it time to go away on its own.

So when Will woke earlier than Hannibal this morning, and noticed the beautiful tent in his pants, he was immediately excited.

He pulled back the elastic on Hannibal's pajama pants, and smiled at the lazy morning erection.

It was just so.. human.

He kissed at his husbands naked navel as he admired the morning wood, he didn't dare to touch it, at least not yet.

There's been plenty of times where Will has woken up to Hannibal sucking his cock, but there's never been an opportunity for him to do the same, and quite frankly, he's not sure how Hannibal would react.

Will didn't even have to wade the pros and cons of waking his husband up with oral sex, before Hannibal was rousing, lazily petting Will's hair where he lay on his stomach.

"Goodmorning, mylimasis." Hannibal hums, voice horse with sleep. He continues to pet through Will's hair, refusing to open his eyes yet.

That's when he feels the pull in his groin, the erection that he's sporting.

He sits up quickly, obviously embarrassed.. or pissed off. Will can't quite tell, because he couldn't see his face.

He pushes Will off of him, pulling his elastic back over his erection.

"Hannibal." Will pleads, stretching out on the sheets, letting his shirt ride up to show off the long scar on his stomach.

Hannibal reaches for his gold and wooden cane, grasping the handle before using it to stand up. He's on his feet, steadying himself for a moment.

Will gets a nice view of the scar on Hannibal's back. The Verger brand burned into his skin.

"I swear to fucking god if you lock me in this bedroom again." Will threatens with a growl, watching as Hannibal takes a few steps towards the door.

Hannibal turns his body to look back at Will, a questioning look in his eye.

Will climbs across the bed to get nearer to Hannibal, a soft look in his eyes.

"Please, let me take care of you." Will breathed out, "Don't run away."

Hannibal leaned against his cane, contemplating a response for a moment.

"Just this once." Hannibal said with a stern tone of voice. He turned his body around fully, showing his tented pj's to Will once again.

Will's smile was almost enough for Hannibal to reconsider this being the only time. Almost.

Will moved slowly to the floor, kneeling in front of Hannibal. He grabbed onto his hand, and led him to sit on the edge of the bed.

Wouldn't want Hannibal losing his balance with his orgasm. Though, that would please Will in so many ways.

He doesn't hesitate to pull down Hannibal's pants, leaving them pooled at his ankles. His erection hasn't started to subside yet, so Will has no issue licking a long stripe up the base of it.

He uses his hands to massage Hannibal's sore thighs, which are half to blame of all of the pain he feels when he walks. The other half is entirely the bullet that he had taken to the gut before they had fallen.

He moves to kitten licking at his balls, nose tickled by Hannibal's well trimmed pubic hair.

Will never thought that he would genuinely enjoy giving oral, but once he tried it on Hannibal the first time, he'd immediately fallen in love with it.

He loves the feeling of Hannibal deep in his throat, his seed filling his airway.

Will's fingers tense at the thought, nails digging into Hannibal's poor thighs, which are littered with scars from his various surgeries that he'd undergone after it became apparent his legs would not heal without proper repair.

He moves his left hand to grasp onto Hannibal's hilt, keeping him steady as he slips the tip into his mouth.

Hannibal lets out a low groan of appreciation, enjoying the wet heat engulfing him slowly. "You've gotten so good at this, William."

Will moves his other hand down to Hannibal's balls, fondling them as he loosens his jaw in preparation to take more of Hannibal's massive length.

"My imagination could've never prepared me for this reality." Hannibal hums his appreciation, moving his hand off of his cane and into Will's curly locks.

Will's dick gives an interested pull at the praise of his skills. He doesn't hesitate to take the rest of Hannibal, after a few expert bobs of his head.

Hannibal's hand just rests on top of Will's head, not pushing or pulling him. Letting him do his own thing, because he does it so well.

Hannibal groans when his dick hits the back of Will's throat, a short choking sound coming from Will's lips. He ignores the urge to pull off, and instead pushes further.

Saliva trails down his chin as he gags, muscles massaging Hannibal's head.

"You're absolutely filthy, mylimasis." Hannibal groans, "So perfect for me."

Will groans at the praise, feeling himself fill out in his own pajama pants. He bobs his head as he looks up at Hannibal, eyes pleading.

"Good men deserve to be rewarded." Hannibal pets his fingers through Will's hair. Then he feels the absence of Will's right hand on his balls.

Will practically rips his elastic down past his ass, he pulls off of Hannibal for a moment, closing his jaw so he could wipe the saliva that had escaped his mouth onto his hand, acting as warm lubricant.

He strokes himself for a few moments, leaning back so Hannibal can get a clear view of what he's doing to himself.

"You're so pretty in your pleasure, Will." Hannibal praises as he watches his husband, patiently waiting for him to return.

And he does not even a beat later, swallowing Hannibal down with a new passion, immediately taking him to the hilt, then farther.

His jaw is stretched and his eyes full of tears as he sucks Hannibal off, mind flooded with the praises he's been receiving as he strokes his own length.

He gags around Hannibal yet again, and the older man groans, "Mylimasis, I'm going to come too quickly,-" another hitch in his breath stops his words as Will massages his balls in his left hand. "if you keep at it like this."

Will's hand is unwavering on his dick, fed by Hannibal's kind words, and the promise of cum down his throat.

He's bobbing his head and keeping a tight vacuum around Hannibal, making sure to take in his entire length before pulling back.

Will's encroaching on his own release when he feels Hannibal's balls tighten. He's mentally cursing his pleasure and his appreciation, since his mouth is preoccupied.

Hannibal doesn't warn Will when he spills, instead he groans with a new praise. "Only you can make me feel this good, mylimasis."

Will comes violently at the words, swallowing Hannibal's release despite his brain going fuzzy so he doesn't choke on it.

Will pulls off with a pop and rests his head against Hannibal's thigh, pressing kisses into it as his chest heaves and gasps for breaths.

"You and that praise kink of yours." Hannibal huffed out affectionately, spying the release spattered on his pajama pants.

"You may say those things in the moment to get me off," Will croaks out with his ruined throat through his post orgasmic state, "but you know every word is true."

Hannibal smiles down at him, "It is." He kicks off his ruined pajama pants before swinging his legs onto the bed, encouraging Will to join him.

He does fairly quickly, now that his pillow is gone. He climbs up next to Hannibal and uses one of his pecs as a pillow now.

"I love you, Han." Will murmurs with his ruined voice, suddenly feeling all too exhausted.

"I love you too, mylimasis." Hannibal kisses his unruly curls.

There’s just no one out there for him, but Will.

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